29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

1905

Dear Violet,

Thank you very much for all your simply sweet remembrances. I have spent the Xmas Week, & then I shall work about. Ought I to mark Wm Ridway? if that is the name?

This is the first letter of friendship that I have written for 6 weeks. Nothing happens here, except that I write & write, & lose & learn. It is regular as the seasons. I received a visit from B. Richmond

the day I came to you; however,
nothing would alarm me more
than to find him [illegible].
Lady Swendolen hopes I will
[illegible] see her at Windsor, if I'm
not too much bored, or have to
leave. I sit very afternoon, in
low neck, to Dodd, who is
Etching a picture, like George Eliot
meditating his Spanish Convent. Isn't
I am going to review a German
for the Times, a Donetti —
[illegible] me special [illegible] on it.
Shall I see you
or are you off?

AS.

with a bonnet pin she will undoubtedly be taken for
her Indiana murderess.
I hope you sleep ah Day, & dream ayme;
waiting is the very devil; I sit over a fireless grate
with my head in my hands. Are you happy?

AS.

29. Fitzroy Sq

May 13th 1908

My Violet,
I dont know whether this will
catch you anywhere. Since I have
no notion when boats sail, a few long
days take-
follow me course of the Trent, but
I have missed Barbados & Bermuda in my
mind. As you can imagine my
Chief curiosity is not about Barbados but
simply: how do you & Beatrice get on?
I try to imagine long hot days & dark, a
meals, & odd little middle aged women,
who will confide their histories to you.
& Beatrice will scowl at them. but set a

great deal of information from stewards -
Captains.
These are my speculations; & I should
also ask ye how you are. but
ye will have forgotten all about that I
hope: anyhow you may tell me when ye
write.
Yes I had a fortnight at St Ives, Denis
Mesa & Clare came for the last week.
I doubt that I shall ever have a baby.
Its voice is too terrible. a senseless
scream, like an ill-omened cat. Nobody
could wish to comfort it, & pretend that
it was a human being. How. Mark God,
it sleeps with it mouth. how &
then it smiled at Mesa, & it has a very nice
back; but the amount of business that has

to be got through before you can enjoy it, is distressing.
Clive & I went for some long walks; but I
felt that we were deserters - but then I was
quite useless, as a nurse, & Clive with not even
Lord it. how I am set work again,
& in a state of acute misery: I have had to write
an article upon Dalziel, which Smith likes, & this
therefore had. I have refused to review anymore
novels for the Times; & they send me
Philosophy. I am struggling with my work of
the Fancy & the Affections.
In your
tropic sea, with green palm trees blowing in
the stove, & naked boys fishing sponges from
the rocks, & Beatrice half pence, none of
these matters affect you at all. The
Quaker has just published, & sent me, a book
called "the Arising Light; some Thoughts on
the Central Radiance." It is a gloomy
work I know, all grey abstractions, & tremulous
ecstasies. & shows a beautiful spirit.

Aug 1908

We go almost nightly to the opera, &
in the afternoon we have our German.
Yesterday we came to a passage about
maidens & the perils of war, at which
she blushed & said to me, as one woman to
another. "We will not read this." It is not
nice. She has, as the young poet say
"an incomparable virginity." Sheer virtue &
love alone could draw me, on this hot afternoon
with a hand all tremulous with fine living,
to fill this great white sheet; no one has asked
me to many men, & I have had no more illicit
kisses. In short, we are as you can imagine us;
I saw George in the Strand, & ran, & caught a Ber-
the wrong one - but he never saw me. John
Bailey has been cross-examined by Eustace Hills,
& it is said that the Times have been shamefully
treated; & that Murray has triumphed ungodly.
The desolation of London when Manchester St & Square are
empty is appalling: I must write to B: I try to call
forth her laugh, as of a startled jay, & to imagine her
figure, in the striped coat, in New York. Keep me
interviews for me. If she sticks anyone in the eye

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet,

What a wonder that you are really back again! I have no trust in Ships, & didn't expect anything so definite. You don't say how you are. I will come on Wednesday, but I must go back by the 6 something, because we are going to the opera I will come by the 3.9. & find my way up. We had floods - Julia vaccinated - I am rushing off to Hampstead. NS

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

July 31 1908

My Violet,

I wont stay with you for Sunday, because I want to write a long review, a that is my best day. But, if you will have me, I will come on Saturday, 1st, & stay to dinner, & so take care. If you are asking some one else to come down, I will come another day - most days suit me. I have 5 huge volumes of Ly

Bury's Diaries to read & write about.
Was she a relation or friend Vrau?
She lived in the time of the Regency
with which I always connect her.
That remind me that I have
heaps away [illegible] envelops flap
& can't remember the name of the
book he want. Tell me. I
will bring it down - I
have also been writing about
President Roosevelt. for Smith,
at his command. She
subtly & the inside story of
so serpentine that no Smith
will keep with her love I
fear the Readers to decision,
seeming to approve the whole.
I have also - You like to hear

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

literary gossip! - entered into a long confidence with Prothero, - we decide that I am probably to write about Dy. May Montagu. Will you give me some address in Wales to write to, as the time draws near, & Well seem the most likely place.
We have a party to night; at which a young lady, not V. S., is to meet her lover. What are you doing. Lying beneath your trees? Case & I correspond with enthusiasm.
Daniel Sept your promise.

WS.

I have to spend to mornw in pilgrimage to Godmanchester. 3 hrs in train 3 hrs there!

Sunday. (all the bells ringing, & the
fashion of wells parading before me. It
is a lovely place, -
the country 5. Cathedral Green.
road is as good Wells.
as it can be. August 16 1908

My Nicholl,

I have no notion where Sir
Arc. but I have promised
to ask Sir whether Sir
remembers how. Walk. the
widow of a railway guard,
who was at your mother
wedding. knew your grandfather,
& knows by sight - A
very talk lady! I couldn't
say that you had mentioned her,
but I was sure Sir would
remember. She burst into
tears when your brother was
defeated, & damns all liberals

NYPL

a non-conformist for his sake.
Indeed I am in a hotbed of
family tradition & generally
pass for Bishop Auckland's
great niece. I am urged to
find his tomb, & I pretend to
ask kind of knowledge - how
sad it was when Miss Judway
went on the stage, how long I
am that Mrs Judway dont
get on with her daughter in
law, & how we shall all miss
this old lady 'when the day
comes for her to go!' I spent
a week in the Close, & then the
theological students turned me out.
But I hover beneath the sacred shade,
living now in a vergers house, called
Gram; they come in to eat till
me I must dress early, in order
to go to service.

I had lunch with Vanessa Clive in Bath the other day, & Nessa said she was finding this summer more tolerable than last. She has a barn where she paints the village Children, & sees very little of her family except Julian. Her nurse has now gone on a week holiday, so she sees nothing but Julian. Lord! what it must be to have a child!

I dream the days, & goad myself till I foam at the lip with all the bad particles I possess - selfish & shallow as I am. What am I for about - & how are you?

I think I'm going on to Manorbier in a week, as Nessa & Clive go to Scotland. & there writing an article about Keats Beale & a portfolio. I am sick of the whole

hey, & yet it is very difficult
to sit down after breakfast in
a lodging parlour, opposite a
portrait of Prince Albert, without
a desk, or a table that stands,
& conceive scene in a novel.
Stella Stephen, Katharine's sister,
has suddenly been taken desperately
ill at Bristol; she is dying,
possibly I may go to Bristol to
see Katharine, but I dont want to.
I dont see that it ever does any
good. Poor old Aunt Stephen is
also helpless, & the Quaker forebode
tragedy everywhere. I read a
number of things, think sometimes of
your good qualities, & wonder whether
you are fond of me. Are you a
fine character now? What is your
Cardinal point, by which one might
pick you out in heaven? Where do
you place yourself in the scale of
humanity? How it is, as I imagine, one
sees Sitting in some ancient garden beneath
a white umbrella, you will have time
to answer my questions, & to assure me
of your affection. Yrs ever
VW